

THE LADY'S PEARL.

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Original.

THE CONTRAST; OR, THE BLUE MANTILLA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

CHARLES MILNOR and Edward Crayton were for many years joint partners in a mercantile house in Philadelphia, where they accumulated an immense fortune.— When they closed their business, Mr. Milnor retired about two miles from the city, and took possession of a beautiful villa. He had married in early life, an amiable, pious and judicious woman, one whom he had loved from his youth, and a striking similarity of taste existing between them, rendered every object they pursued both pleasant and delightful. Heaven had blessed them with three lovely children, Charles, Alice, and Augusta, who shared equally in their parents' affections. They were educated by their mother, a person of superior mind and finished education. Their servants were faithful, and but seldom exchanged, owing to the prudent management of Mrs. Milnor, whose knowledge of housewifery, and whose good sense enabled her to judge correctly respecting them; her systematic arrangements afforded them many leisure hours for their own benefit, without injury to her domestic concerns. Theirs was a happy family, whose chief source of delight emanated from their own hearts, which were fountains of contentment, and the little tributary streams that flowed from them fertilized every spot they visited.

The family of Mr. Crayton were directly the reverse. The woman he had chosen as the companion of his life, was indeed a most beautiful woman, but vain and illiterate. Her ruling passion was deep, and she, to gratify her taste, would sacrifice every better feeling, and almost every object that stood in the way of its gratification. Mr. Crayton was himself fond of parade and show, and exceedingly proud of his wife, who, sensible of her complete influence over him, by her management and tact accomplished every undertaking. Extravagant in the highest degree, her ambition knew no bounds; every new and fashionable article was eagerly sought after until obtained, when the gratification ceased with the possession. The more exorbitant the price, the more congenial to her taste for display, until Mr. Crayton saw when too late to restrain her, the evil result of his indifference to her extravagance.

The last article she had fixed her eye upon, was a splendid blue mantilla, prized at two hundred dollars, which she was determined to procure; the extreme brilliancy of the color rendering it an object of deep interest, as one becoming her complexion; and for the first time in his life, her husband was resolved not to purchase.

Their children, Agnes, Isabella, and George, were very handsome, but ungoverned,

and restrained. They were seldom the companions of their mother, whose bosom should have formed their center of attraction, a receptacle of all that to them was delightful and pleasing; whose smiles should have been their meed of reward, and whose kiss should have sealed every enjoyment. They were placed under a governess and foreign teachers, who were more anxious to obtain a handsome support than to bend the young twigs committed to their trainings as should be most beneficial to their parents and the world. Thus these sweet children were left to the guidance of their own wills without that restraint which would have rendered them agreeable to all.

Mr. Crayton beheld with mingled emotions the situation of his family. His expenses were enormous; a continued routine of fashionable life engrossed every moment of time; and not until he felt his own health in a measure shattered, did he awake fully to his situation. He pitied, while he admired his beautiful wife, the victim of folly and dissipation, whose charms kindled a conflagration no less destructive to his and his children's happiness, than Helen's of old, when the ancient city of song was laid in ruins by her unparalleled beauty. Ardently attached to his children, much did he wish for an alteration in their mode of living. He called occasionally on his friend Mr. Milnor, and was struck with the order and regularity of his family, and wished Mrs. Crayton and the children to have more frequent interviews with them, hoping his wife might be led to imitate what she could not but admire in Mrs. Milnor, and the children be prompted to obedience by the amiable deportment of the little Milnors:—Although Mr. Milnor and Mr. Crayton were daily together, their families were for a long time strangers to each other.

A sister of Mr. Crayton's married under the most cheering prospects, but her hopes were soon cut off by the death of her husband; and in giving birth to a daughter, she expired; requesting her brother to take charge of her little Emiele, who from that hour became a member of his family. Although surrounded by her cousins who were of the same age as herself, she was lonely, and sighed for something she knew not what. She delighted to sit alone and gaze upon the clear blue sky, and fancied each beautifully fringed cloud as it floated in the liquid air, the abode of her parents; and when oppressed with a sense of her desolation, she would reach out her dimpled hands as if to implore their blessing, while tears, like the pure drops upon the blushing rose fell fast from her soul-lit eyes. She loved to ramble amid the flowers and rear their slender forms, and was never so happy as when nursing the little slips committed to her care by her cousin, who seldom gave their attention to them, leaving like their mother, the cultivation of all that is lovely to the gardener and nature. Mr. Crayton on his return home one day, expressed to his wife his desire, that she, with the children should call on Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, if she wishes my acquaintance, does she not call on me? But I can guess—she is such a home body, and has so little intercourse with the world, she is quite out of the way of making or receiving calls from fashionable people."

"You are quite mistaken in your opinion, Mrs. Crayton," said her husband. "I have been there a number of times lately, and am anxious you should call upon her. I will order the carriage and go."

"Well, you can if you please, but I shall remain at home. I do not like to be dictated when, and where, and how I shall go."

"I do not know wherein I have dictated. Name your time, and we will go when you say."

"I have been waiting these two hours for the money I asked you for this morning."

"Why really, my dear, I thought you had given up that foolish project."

"No indeed I have not; and if I am not there by eleven o'clock, the mantilla will be sold, as it was to be kept no longer for me. Have you the money?"

Mr. Crayton shrugged up his shoulders, and commenced humming the tune he always did when he felt determined not to comply with a request of his wife.

"Oh, do, mama, go," said Agnes.

"Oh, yes, do," responded Isabella.

"And let me hold the whip, papa," said George.

"Life is all a sunny dream,"

sung Mr. Crayton, walking up and down the room, stopping occasionally to view himself in a large mirror.

"Do go, mama," said the children. "Father, will you?"

"Certainly if your mother wishes."

"Well, papa, if you will just drive down to Coney's, and let mother get the mantilla, and me a whip, and Agnes and Isabella and Emiele each, one of those embroidered boxes sold at the fair, she will go."

"Only hear those sweet coaxers," said his wife, putting her hand in her husband's arm, being determined to get the mantilla, she promenaded the room with him to the great delight of the little ones who followed them. "What a dear little group of love," said Mrs. Crayton. "Come, husband, please us all, and give me the bill I have asked you for, and you will have the sweet consciousness of knowing you have made us all happy."

"Oh, do, papa," cried the children; "it is a beautiful morning, and we want a ride very much."

Mr. Crayton stood for a moment, when, placing his pocket-book in Mrs. Crayton's hand, he yielded to what he did not intend to, with the desire it might eventually do good.

"Oh, this is really very good, very kind." Then calling for her hat and shawl, and ordering the children to be ready on their return, Mrs. Crayton gave her hand to her husband, and putting on her sweetest smiles, asked him "if she did not look happy?"

Mr. Crayton, with a sigh, replied, "Yes, would it but last—had I any hopes the mantilla would satisfy you; but, as it has ever been the case, this article will only make way for another."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Crayton, why do you wish to check my vivacity? when you know how very nervous I am. I am almost tempted to be angry with you," and she cast her eyes with so much tact upon the ground, that her husband, fearing a torrent of meaningless words, called aloud for the carriage. * * *

"Your most obedient, Mrs. Crayton; you have come just in time," said the wily tradesman; "five minutes more, and the mantilla would have been sold. There are three ladies now waiting for it."

"How very fortunate, my dear," said Mrs. Crayton, turning to her husband, her spirits reviving at the idea of being the purchaser. "I think you said the mantilla was two hundred dollars, or I might have it for that, provided I took the other articles I priced; the pocket-handkerchief thirty, the cap fifteen, and six yards of lace fifty, which makes two hundred and ninety-five. You can take these bills, and hand me the remainder."

"Thank you, madam, thank you, but had you not better look at this piece of dark satin? It is partly engaged, I allow," whispering her, "but it is such a good fit for the mantilla, and so becoming to your complexion," holding it up and letting the rich folds fall over her white hands, her taper fingers just peeping from beneath, so as to show the contrast; "partly engaged, I allow, but you have been such a constant customer of mine, that I really feel bound to let you have it if you wish."

Mrs. Crayton took up the goods and examined it. It was indeed beautiful, and so soft as not to be susceptible of a pressure.

"There is but one like it in town, and that I sold to Judge Laurens's lady. It was not quite as nice as this, and I was fearful she would discover it, for she seemed most inclined to purchase this, but I thought of you, and just slid it one side, and praised the piece she had very highly, that you might, if you wished, take this for yourself. There is only this pattern."

Mrs. Crayton wanted the satin; it being superior to Mrs. Laurens's, increased her desire.

"Come," said Mr. Crayton, "the children will be waiting for us."

"Stop one moment, my dear; do you not think this satin elegant?"

Mr. Crayton said nothing, but looked reproachfully at her.

"Oh, you see, my dear madam, your husband has no objections; let me do it up for you."

"How much is it?" enquired Mrs. Crayton.

"Just the remainder of the bills, with the exception of these three quarters, which I will throw in. It is quite a bargain," rolling it up, "quite a bargain, I assure you."

"Mr. Crayton, if you have no objections, I will take it."

Her husband bit his lip with vexation, and turning away, bent his steps towards the door. The bundle was placed in the carriage by the delighted shop-keeper, who bowed low at his customer as she ascended the steps; and they drove home in silence—Mr. Crayton offended, and his wife conscious she had gone a step too far, but determined to conceal her feelings. The mantilla had occupied her thoughts both day and night for a long time, but did not meet with her husband's feelings; he seemed from the first opposed to it. She had priced the other articles unbeknown to him, and knew not how he would bear the purchase, but as he had given her more money than she really expected, she presumed to take them. The satin was what she never thought of, but she was taken in the snare of the practised salesman, and could not resist the temptation. She knew her husband had too much honor to deny her in public, and she took the advantage of his situation to her future sorrow. On the steps of their beautiful building stood the children equipped for their ride.

"What have you got for me? and for me?" they all cried in a breath, after they were seated.

Mr. Crayton looked at his wife, who had been so completely engrossed in her own selfish motives, that she had forgotten the simple requests of her children.

"Did you get me a whip?" said George. "I said I wanted a whip, so I could drive the horses?"

"Did you buy us the embroidered boxes?" enquired his sisters. "Oh, do let us see them."

"What did you expect, Emiele?" said her uncle.

"Not any thing."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the heartless Mrs. Crayton, "you alone are not disappointed."

"What is this?" said George, taking up the bundle which they omitted leaving at home. "My whip is here, I know."

"No, my child, it is not," said his mother. "I forgot it, but you shall have one."

"I want one now, and I will have one now;" and down went the contents of the bundle.

"Oh, you image!" said Mrs. Crayton, picking them up. "My mantilla is all unfolded, and my lace undone!"

George persisting in searching for the whip, became entangled in the lace, and in extricating himself, tore it in pieces.

"Oh, my lace!" exclaimed Mrs. Crayton. "George, you must be whipped. Mr. Crayton, why do you not speak to him?"

"He wants his whip," replied his father, "and he is a child."

Mrs. Crayton felt the reproof. The girls helped collect the articles. Mr. Crayton took George upon his knee, and gave him the driver's whip. Thus the difficulties were settled, and the children became composed, when they drove up to Mr. Milnor's dwelling.

"I have never seen them in their new habitation," said Mrs. Crayton. "Pity people of so much wealth should be so penurious; no one knows they are alive."

"In your circle they may not," replied her husband, "but ask those around them," pointing to the neat white houses on the road.

As the carriage drove up the avenue, the children were urged to behave. They were met by Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, and received with much politeness by them both.

"You have got a very pretty place," said Mrs. Crayton, astonished at the elegance of the hall and rooms through which they passed.

"I believe you have never called upon us before, since we moved," said Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, no, I have so many engagements always on hand, that I—"

"Come here, Emiele," said Mrs. Milnor, very prudently turning the conversation, in order to relieve the fashionable beauty from framing a wrong excuse. "How do the slips grow Alice sent you?"

"Oh, finely; they are so high," raising her hand; "they are as large as those," pointing to a number arranged in a bow window.

Agnes and Isabella observing a beautiful geranium in bloom, without thought broke off a large branch. At that moment, Alice and Augusta with their brother entered.

"Good morning, my dears," said Mr. Crayton; "you see I have fulfilled my promise, and brought your young friends to see you."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Crayton, taking the girls by the hand, "how you have grown, and Charles too! why really I am surprised," and a feeling of envy rankled deep in her bosom, as with dignity and ease Charles and his sisters returned her compliments.

"Come," said George, "let us go down the lawn."

"Shall we go, dear mother?" enquired Alice and Augusta.

"You may; but be careful of the plants."

Alice took Emiele's hand, and away they flew—George with his whip, of which he still kept possession.

"What have you here?" enquired Mrs. Crayton, whirling over some books on the center-table; "any thing new?"

"This is the Patriarch, and this the Christian Family Magazine," replied Mrs. Milnor; the plates in both are very fine."

"Dear me, do you read them? I seldom find time to read, but when I do it is always my two favorites, 'Bulwer' and 'Byron,' and sometimes 'The Lady's Book'—every other appears insipid."

"We have a great variety of books; here is Abbott's works, Phillips's writings, and my favorite Cowper."

"What are these?" enquired Mrs. Crayton, looking at a few elegant-bound books.

"Milton's Paradise Lost—mercy! did you ever read this through?"

"Often," replied Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, I should think it would take you an age. Is it a late production?" Mrs. Milnor caught Mr. Crayton's eye, who blushed deeply at the ignorance of his wife. "Johnson's Rasselas, Montgomery's Poems, Rogers, Campbell, Henry Kirk White—why really, these are quite new, but I should never find time to read them;" and laying them down, she walked to a window. "It is very lonesome out here, is n't it?"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Milnor, "our time is all occupied."

"Who are your teachers now?"

"Mrs. Milnor is the principal one," said her husband.

"Mercy! you teach your children? I should never have patience; I am always rejoiced when school commences. But pray how do you employ your time?"

"It would take sometime to make you acquainted with my form of managing. Shall we walk out and meet the children?"

"Oh, yes, for it is nearly time for us to go."

"Why will you not spend the day? you surely cannot be lonely with our husbands and the children."

Mrs. Crayton plead an engagement, and they proceeded down the lawn. Charles and Alice were busily engaged in arranging the pots of flowers, some of which were overthrown, and the branches broken. At the same moment came Agnes and Isabella, followed by George with his whip in his hand. In his haste he threw down a beautiful verberna, and broke the pot which contained it.

"You have made sad work, my children," said Mr. Crayton, very much chagrined and trying to replace them.

"Oh, they are nothing but children," said his wife; "I know Mrs. Milnor will forgive him."

"But he has broken another," said Agnes.

"No I did n't—'t was you," he replied, with a stroke of the whip.

"Come, come," said his mother, "you are crazy, I believe. Really, Mrs. Milnor, you have such a fine yard, the children are like birds let out of a cage; we brought them out for liberty, and they do so enjoy it"

"Shall we return," said Mr. Crayton, extremely grieved.

"Oh, do n't go," cried the children, "we want to stay longer."

Mrs. Crayton, anxious to see her new purchase, told them they must. On returning to the house, they visited the music-room, which contained an elegant organ, harp and piano. A spacious library of the best authors was connected with it. At Mr. Crayton's request, Alice played a few tunes on the piano. Mrs. Crayton's heart died within her as she listened to the enrapturing strains of the mingled voices of each member of the family accompanying Alice as she swept the notes with her fairy hand. Mrs. Milnor ordered refreshments, and the children without ceremony enjoyed the banquet. Strawberries, raspberries, cream and cake disappeared under their touch, like dew in the sunlight.

"Will you come again, and see your young friends?" enquired Mrs. Milnor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied George, if you will give us more of your nice fruit."

"I wish I could stay now," said Emiele.

"Do you, my dear?" enquired Mrs. Milnor? "If your uncle and aunt are willing, you may."

"Can I stay, my dear aunt?"

"Certainly, if you wish, and Mr. and Mrs. Milnor request you."

"Let her remain, if you please, and we will send for whatever she needs."

"Good morning;" and George led the way to the carriage with his whip.

Mrs. Milnor soon arranged her flowers and books. After a few orders to the servants, she entered the recitation-room.

"My dear Emiele, as you have expressed a wish to remain with us, you must submit to the rules of the school, and if you please can study with the girls. Would you like to?"

"Oh, yes, very much."

"Well, here is a geography, globes, atlases, &c. Your first lesson will be on this page. Have you ever studied geography?"

"I have a little; I like it much, but aunt says it is too hard for my cousins, and not very necessary."

"Have you studied grammar?"

"Yes, ma'am, and can parse very well, but aunt says that it is a dry study, and we must be older before we can understand either."

"You must see, my dear, what proficiency you can make here."

"I will show you," said Charles, who was older than his sisters.

"You must not think you are too young to learn any of the branches my children study. You must be patient, and be willing to be taught, and apply yourself closely."

The evening closed with reading a chapter in the Cottage Bible with the notes, singing a hymn, in which all joined, including the servants, each with his book, and a prayer offered by Mr. Milnor, whose grateful heart arose in humble thanksgiving to God for his mercies. After Emiele retired to rest, she thought how differently her aunt managed from Mrs. Milnor; she could not sleep, the idea of returning home was so painful. At her uncle's, all was noise and confusion. Continued calls occupied most of her aunt's time, either in making or receiving them. She paid but little attention to her children, who were often ill-natured if restrained by their governess, and out of patience with their teachers if they exacted a perfect lesson, flew with every little complaint to their mother, who, fatigued with continued excitement, stilled them, by saying she would write an excuse. All the efforts of their teachers for their improvement were thus rendered abortive. The parents were remiss, the children petulant and ungoverned, and they permitted them to take their own way, satisfied with the salary allowed them. They were pleased with Emiele, and took much pleasure in instructing her. But it was in vain to keep up any regular system in the school, it being continually interrupted by calls to ride, to see particular friends, &c. Thus their education was neglected.

To be concluded in our next.

Original.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

FAR down that dell, a thousand streamlets flow,
And summer flowers in wild luxuriance grow,
While whispered notes, as from Eolian lyre,
Or parting echoes from an angel choir,
Come softly stealing through the aged pines,
Whose hoary trunks the evergreen entwines,
And whose deep shade is like the impervious gloom
That broods in silent grandeur o'er the tomb.

Far down that dell a lowly grave is seen
Beneath those pines, amid that evergreen
And round the stone—that humble stone, a wreath
Of fading flowers, the silent gift of grief
Is lightly twined. And there He sleeps,
Where Sorrow's self an endless vigil keeps.

Yet clad in glory, crown'd with living light,
Robed in the vestments of immortal bloom,
His lofty spirit grasps with fearless might
All that remains to man beyond the tomb.

There blooms undying on a distant shore,
Fast by the pool where living streams are pour'd,
The tree of Life, but guarded now no more
By cherub's wing, or Eden's flaming sword.

The gathering clouds from off his sky are roll'd,
And beauteous landscapes to the spirit eye
In bright prospective endlessly unfold
The boundless realms beyond the beaming sky.

And there He dwells—a bright immortal spark
Of Him, the Sun, whose brilliant rays illumine
The wide-spread lands that lie beyond the dark
Uprolling shadows of the dreaded tomb.

'T is his to drink those waters pure and bright
That still from age to age unwasting roll,
To taste those leaves that bear celestial light
And gentle healing to the weary soul.

Then let the summer sky in beauty glow,
The evening shades their varied colors fling
Upon that grave, beneath whose sod so low
He sleeps alone, like some forgotten thing.

Alike to Him the storm-wind's breath
Or evening zephyr hastening to repose—
What reck's that slumberer on his bed of death,
How wild, or rude, the storm around him blows.

Far o'er the waves—the stormy waves of time;
Far o'er the sea—the restless sea of life,
Amid the glories of a brighter clime,
He smiles serenely on this scene of strife.

Then teach the vine to wreath his humble stone,
The willow bough to sweep his lowly sod—
The Early Dead there sleeps unseen, alone—
The spirit dwells securely with its God.

THE FORESTS OF NORMANDY.

THE principal forests on the banks of the Seine in Normandy are those of Roumare on the left, of Brotonne near La Marll, Rouvray, Du Point de l'Arche, and the woods extending with but a slight interruption from the town of Andelys to Vernon, all on the right bank of the river.

The origin of the name of the forest of Roumare is interesting. Rollo, one of the early and most famous rulers of Normandy, in order to check the habits of plunder which a military life had entailed upon his people, punished all offenders with great severity. In cases of theft for instance, he hung both the robber and the receiver on their conviction of the crime. Whether from this or from the operation of their wise regulations, he became universally feared and obeyed. "One day, after having hunted in the forest which rises on the bank of the Seine near Rouen, the duke, surrounded by a crowd of his servants, was seated on the edge of a lake, which we call

in familiar language the pond (*la mare*), when he hung his golden bracelets on an oak. These bracelets remained hanging in the same place untouched during three years, so great was the terror of the duke; and as this memorable fact took place near the pond, this forest is called the pond of Rollo (*Roumare*) to the present day.* On the heights of Banteleir, in this forest, Voltaire for some time resided: many of his letters are addressed from that spot. The forest of Brotonne, which contains about 12,000 acres, is very ancient. It was the favorite hunting-ground of the early kings of France, one of whom built a country-house or fort in the neighborhood, at a village called Vatterville, the ruins of which yet remain. One of the curiosities of this forest is the "Tub," a tree so called, composed of three large branches united at the root, and forming a reservoir for water, of which, in the hottest summers, it contains from three to five feet. At La Maillerie, on the edge of this forest, is the castle where it is said the Duchess de La Vallière first imbibed her unhappy passion for Louis XIV. The forest of Rouvray is very dense, and stretches to a considerable length along the banks of the Seine. It is supposed, in growing up, to have covered the ruins of some Roman settlement. Bronze medals of various Roman emperors, statues of Trajan, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, and the remains of Roman agricultural implements, have been discovered there. The forest of Pont de l'Arche derives its name from the bridge of the neighboring town, which has twenty-two arches. Not far from hence is the Côte des deux Amans, or the hill of the two lovers. This extraordinary name has been given to the mountain from its connection with a still more extraordinary incident, and which, however romantic, is generally received as true. The king of that part of the country had a beautiful daughter, whose happy disposition and amiable qualities consoled him for the loss of a beloved wife. Time passed, and the people desired that the princess should marry; but the king, unable to refuse so reasonable a request, or to bear the loss of her society, caused it to be generally promulgated that he alone of her suitors, who could carry the princess to the summit of the mountain, without resting himself, should receive her hand in marriage. The opportunity was eagerly embraced by a young nobleman, between whom and the princess there existed the most tender though secret attachment. Believing the feat to be impossible, the princess earnestly dissuaded her lover from the attempt, but in vain. A day was fixed, and the princess appeared dressed in the lightest possible manner, and exhibiting, in the paleness of her features and the attenuation of her form, the severity of the measures she had adopted to lessen her weight. Full of confidence, her lover raised his charming burden, and ascended the hill, for a considerable period showing no signs of exhaustion. He began at last to pause, then go on, and pause again. His steps faltered, and he appeared to be entirely giving way. At that moment some cheering thought or most precious word whispered in his ear instilled new vigor into his frame: he again essayed the terrible steep, amid the rapturous shouts of the assembled spectators, he stood fairly upon the top of the hill. He put her safely down, and then fainted away. The princess stooped to recover him, and the king, as he approached, seeing her in this posture, called to an old peasant to raise them. "Sire," was the reply, "they are dead!" The lovers were entombed together a few days after, and the spot has since been called "the hill of the two lovers."

In the town of Andelys was born the great painter Nicholas Poussin; and, in the neighborhood of the forest, stretching from Andelys to Venon, is the castle of Gilliard, built by Richard Cœur de Lion in the twelfth century. This fortress stood a terrible siege in 1203, when it was attacked by the King of France, Philip Augustus, on the pretence of punishing King John of England, to whom it then belonged, for the alleged

* William of Jumiege's "History of Normandy."

murder of his nephew Prince Arthur. The fort being impregnable to an assault, it was reduced by famine. The garrison was, consequently, from time to time, obliged to dismiss its useless inhabitants, who were allowed to pass unmolested by the besiegers. At last this relief was stopped; and when the garrison turned out, at one period, above four hundred old men, women, and children, the French fired upon them, and drove them back in despair to the walls. Here they were denied admittance; and for three months were those poor miserable creatures obliged to live in the open air, and with no other sustenance than grass and water. At last a circumstance, too dreadful to mention, reached the ears of Philip, and he relented: all those who were yet alive were taken care of. In this same fortress, David Bruce, King of Scotland, resided when in exile. In 1409 it came into the possession of the English, who held it for above forty years. In conclusion, we are sorry to add that these fine forests are said to be fast dwindling away, not under the axe of the poor woodcutters, whose exertions may be said to be useful, rather than otherwise, in keeping down their rapid undergrowth, but under the more wholesale operations of the speculator and the capitalist.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

DEATH! how fearfully the name rings an alarm upon the ear of mortality. It is the mournful intimation that the current of Time is bearing us onward to the illimitable ocean in which all earthly wealth, luxuries, friendships, the strong affections that are golden-linked to our hearts—are lost forever. DEATH! it is Earth's mightiest sovereign. The proud and strong are levelled to the humble and the weak. The ambitious man is hurled from the dizzyest height down beside the six feet of mould of the lowest. The rich, who have rioted in marble palaces, and the poor who have dragged miserable existences out in roofless hovels, "lie down together," until the resurrection morning.

It is a harrowing reflection that we *must* die; but if that reflection be so bitter, who can fathom the sensations of one who has been pronounced dead, who has been laid in the tomb—and yet has been BURIED ALIVE! That was my fate. Listen, and ponder well.

I was the only daughter of proud, wealthy, fashionable parents, resident in Boston; the round of my life until I was twenty may easily be imagined. It was a series of dissipation that was crushing all the moral feelings and intellectual powers. That momentous period of my existence is a blank. Let it be blotted out from the record of time, and nothing good, pure, or holy will disappear with it. I mean not that I had committed any crime that is popularly stigmatized as heinous, but that, like thousands similarly situated, I had considered the "chief end" of life to be the fashions—the frivolities of technical "high life." So I could get my jewels and my satins, I cared not how the "inner jewels of the soul," long buried in ruin. I was daily bartering a glorious eternity for an ignoble mortality. But on the even of my birth-day—I was then twenty—the hand of disease rested heavily upon me. In three days I was struck dumb—paralyzed in all my faculties—as though by the hand of the Almighty. My mother entered the room—looked at me—shrieked, and exclaimed, "*She is dead!*" The physician was called in—examined my pulse, shook his head, and pronounced me "*dead.*" I tried to speak—tried to struggle—to groan; but though burning with agony, I was not able to give vent to the pent-up fire. While I lay in speechless consciousness, I heard the carpenter coolly ask the measure of my coffin—I heard the coffin itself brought up stairs—I heard them open the door and enter the room with it.

As I was placed in it, I again attempted to speak, but could produce no sound, or exhibit any sign of life. The memory of the past was burning and blazing before me—the horrible future was vividly painted on the black canvass of the mind. I again tried to struggle;—it was in vain. But now came the heart-harrowing scene. It was my burial. They began to assemble in the room where I was confined. All was solemn silence, unbroken save by my mother's sobs. The clergyman rose, and said, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He then laid the ashes upon my body, and uttered the thrilling words of the liturgy: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased sister, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Who can imagine my feelings at that hour! It would require an archangel's power to describe them. Oh, how inapplicable was the title of *sister*, at that solemn moment! But let me hasten. After being carried through the streets, followed by a splendid train, such as wealth could buy, I was laid in the tomb of my ancestors—upon a pile of mouldering coffins—to die. My mother came, dropped the tear of agony, and retired. Others, as a matter of idle form, followed her example;—but my poor mother's solitary tear was all that wet my cheek. All had done—the door was closed—the key turned—I was alone. The struggle was over. I must die. Yet at that moment a calm—sweet and balmy as the atmosphere of paradise—stole over my senses. I felt not alone. My mother's tear!—it still lay wet upon my cheek. It was her representative. Oh, how I prized, at that fearful moment, that jewel drop. It was to me the richest diamond of her soul. It soothed me and—I slept!—ay, sweetly slept, even in the very tomb; slept in companionship with the dead! But it was a sleep that could not last for ever. At first when I awoke I imagined myself in my father's house. Then the consciousness of where I was came rushing upon me with accumulated horror. I made an effort to move—I did move—the paralysis had past. With the energy of desperation I struggled—the coffin toppled from its pile of death—fell—burst the lid, and rolled me out upon the damp, stone floor. I rose, rushed to the door, and tugged at the ponderous fastenings, as though Samson's strength rested in my attenuated fingers. I raved—I even cursed—I prayed—I laughed the hideous laugh of the maniac. My brain was like molten lead. I was mad. Phantoms of the imagination crowded around me. I saw the grinning and dusty skeletons of the dead rise before me—hissing serpents twined themselves around my throat. I fainted and fell.

When I awoke, I was on my own bed, in my father's house, with my mother by my side. In my calm moments I ascertained that my screams had arrested the attention of the sexton, who was then preparing a neighboring tomb for the reception of the dead. Notice was immediately given, and I was rescued from a living grave.

Reader! while, perhaps you shudder at my narrative, I bless the horrible *cause* for the salutary *effect*. I had been living as though Earth and its people were immortal. The lesson I have received has taught me to prepare for a residence in Heaven; and now I can exclaim truly, in the language of the almost inspired Young,

"Happy day that breaks our chain!
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne,
Who hears our advocate and through his wounds,
Beholding man, allows that tender name."

Roxbury, Mass.

Original.

THE ASPIRANT FOR INTELLECTUAL FAME.

BY C. F. ORNE.

THERE 's joy for him who sails the main,
Who roves the pathless sea,
Whose gallant barque, a snow-white bird,
Flies fearless on; and free;
Which breasts the storm, defies the gale,
Withstands the tempest's shock,
And leaves behind the dangerous shoal,
Avoids the sunken rock.

Yet there 's a higher joy for us,
We sail a prouder main,
We steer our bonny barque right on,
Till harbor safe we gain.
We've loosed our pennon to the breeze,
We heed no danger's frown,
There reigns no tyrant of the seas
Shall make us strike it down.

Oct. 1842.

Once joy was 'mid the stormy strife,
When haughty foe met foe,
When flashing swords leaped from their sheaths
And rung the clanging blow;
When steel-clad warriors sought the field
And joined the wild melee,
And charging squadrons bravely won
The all but desperate fray.

But higher, better joy for us,
We win a nobler field,
And keener than the flashing sword,
The polished arms we wield.
Then for that prouder, loftier strife
Gird we our armor on,
Where dauntless mind encounters mind
Our laurels shall be won.

From the *Lady's Repository*.

OPTICAL ILLUSION; OR, GHOST-SEEING.

ALTHOUGH it is no longer the custom with the present generation to *inculcate* superstition by allowing nursery maids, *unrebuked*, to relate supernatural tales to their children, yet do I believe that superstitious fears and feelings still exist in some parts of our land to a very considerable extent; not with the young alone, but with the middle-aged and the *old*. It is in the hope that these lines may be read by some of this class that I now relate *my* ghost story.

I had arrived at years of maturity before Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," had explained away all superstitious belief, with the enlightened part of the community, by taking them, as it were, *behind the scenes*, and exhibiting to them all the wires and pulleys of *spectreism*; so that those who now have the courage to *look a ghost in the face*, may literally *see through it* as through a thin vapor. I had listened in my youth to many well authenticated tales of this kind, which I dared not distrust, and which I feared to believe; and perhaps there still clung to me an *unacknowledged* *leaven* of this sort; for I earnestly desired that I might never be visited by a spectre, but still hoped if I ever were, that I might have the courage, if not to "speak to it," to reconnoitre and *investigate* it. My wishes were at length granted. In the year 1834, I was on a visit to the southwest, and had been brought to the borders of the grave by the prevailing fever of that country. It had left me in such a low nervous state that the slightest sound would awaken me from sleep, and keep me watchful for the night; so that in order to be entirely undisturbed, I had my bed removed to a large unfinished upper room, ex-

tending the whole length of the house, with the rafters sloping overhead. Of this room I was the sole occupant. My bed was placed nearly in one corner, and was so high as to bring my head within a few feet of the roof. Here I had slept for several nights in undisturbed quietude. But the night in question was dark and cloudy when I ascended to my chamber; so that when I had extinguished my candle, there was scarcely light enough to make the "darkness visible." Although there were two large windows at each end of the room, yet I could see nothing; but it was delightfully still, and I soon fell into a sweet, quiet sleep, from which, after the lapse of some hours, perhaps, I was suddenly awakened by a rude sound directly over my head; but at this I was not alarmed, for my ear recognized it to be the alighting of some night bird on the roof, and I did not even uncloze my eyes lest I should induce a state of wakefulness. But it was all in vain, and my prudence availed me nothing. My sleep had been disturbed, and slumber had flown from my eyelids; so, after tossing about for sometime, I opened my eyes and looked around. The room now presented so different an appearance from what it did when I went to bed, that I could hardly realize *where* I was. The clouds had dispersed, and the moon had risen in her splendor, and was shedding a broad pathway of light through nearly the whole length of my long and before dismal chamber, leaving the eaves and the corners still in undistinguishable darkness. After admiring for sometime the surpassing brightness of the moonlight, my thoughts turned *inward*, and I closed my eyes for meditation.—When I again opened them, I was indeed alarmed. In the diagonally opposite corner of the room from my bed, remote from the light of either window, and where but a few minutes before, all had been pitchy darkness, there now glowed a broad, softened, phosphorescent light. In vain I strove to account for it. I sat up in my bed, and gazed and speculated. It seemed to my scared vision broader and brighter as I looked upon it. Every thing was hush as death. I was nervous and alone, and I began to feel my hair stiffen, and to *hear* my heart beat with undefined apprehension. Again I feared the vision would assume the semblance of some departed friend, and approach me; and I was more excited than I had ever before been with supernatural dread.—But I remembered my determination, and resolved, in my desperation, to ascertain its nature before I was bereft of my senses; and as I rose from my bed to approach it, my knees smote each other with fear. There it was, still glowing before me; but I drew nearer and nearer, as if drawn on by a spell—at last I reached out my hand to grasp, as I thought, the "impressive air," and *touched* it. And, reader, what do you think it was?—a large *black japanned waiter*, standing against the house. The moon, as it rose, had shone through the window full upon a *looking-glass* that hung in its track, which caught its rays and threw them into this dark corner of the room, where they found a broad polished surface to rest upon; and the waiter being *black* neutralized the rays, and gave them that softened halo-looking light, of which the imagination ever weaves the drapery of ghosts. And thus was I deceived with my eyes wide open, and in the full possession of my senses, *until I touched it*. Had I remained in my bed trembling and speculating, I never should have arrived at the truth of the matter. When the moon should have attained a sufficient altitude in the heavens, to have passed away from the mirror, *my ghost*, which actually kept moving, would have *vanished also*; and I should still have continued the victim of doubt and uncertainty.

Let every one who beholds a suspicious looking object in an uncertain or obscure light, approach and *examine* it; and then, and not till then, will ghost stories vanish from the *dark corners* of our land, and spectres, like *witchcraft*, be heard of no more. Reader, you may smile if you will—I am *no coward*; and, all circumstances considered, I esteem it the greatest act of courage I ever performed; and I still contemplate the old black waiter with the greatest complacency, as the evidence of my heroism.

Original.

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the evening of a warm summer's day, in the ancient and beautiful hamlet of Porchester, there might have been seen a man genteelly dressed, with a pale and uneasy countenance, driving a spirited horse, apparently weary with a long and dusty journey, through the long and shaded street which chiefly constituted the village. Meeting a countryman with a reap-hook under his arm, he accosted him in a hollow, trembling voice, and asked,

"Where is your village inn?"

The man, raising his hat from his head after the custom of an English peasant when addressing a superior, replied,

"Keep right down the street, zur, and you'll come to the 'Ship and Castle,' a quarter of a mile below."

Cracking his whip, the stranger drove on, and in a few minutes he was safely ensconced in the little tidy back parlor of mine host of the Ship and Castle. Presently the landlord appeared smirking very pleasantly, his hand, meanwhile, playing with the huge bunch of seals which dangled from his watch-chain. After an abundance of bowing, he asked,

"What will you take for tea, sir?"

The stranger had seated himself at a window which looked out on the harbor, his feet resting on the window sill and himself seemingly lost in a brown study, so that he did not hear the landlord's question.

Boniface waited and coughed and shuffled round the table, arranging the long white pipes which lay there, but in vain. At last he ventured to speak once more, and "What will you take for tea, sir?" again fell upon the ear of his visitor, but in a louder tone than before.

The man started so suddenly, that he well nigh lost his balance; then he jumped up on his feet, looking pale as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf in the breeze. The landlord was alarmed, and muttered,

"Beg pardon, sir! I only asked what you wished to have for your tea?"

With a violent effort his guest recovered himself, and in a tone of voice between fear and confidence, he said,

"Bring what you please, landlord: a little toast and a mutton-chop will do."

The innkeeper bowed and retired. As he entered the bar, he remarked, to several friends who sat there smoking very composedly, and sending up volumes of smoke that looked like the breath of a little volcano, "That fellow in the little parlor is a bad man, or I am greatly mistaken." He then described the fear and alarm of the stranger in no very favorable light, and by the time he concluded his discourse, his staring auditors had come to the conclusion that their village contained at least a runaway from Newgate. A very animated discussion followed, and it was finally agreed to invite the mysterious unknown into the smoking-room that evening, where they concluded they should be able to discover something of his real character.

Whether the stranger was merely startled by the unexpected intrusion of the landlord, or whether he felt it necessary to assume an air of cheerfulness in order to nip suspicion in the bud, the reader must at present determine; but it is very certain that when the inquisitive wife of mine host entered the little back parlor with his tea, which unwonted honor she conferred on the stranger guest more for her own gratifi-

cation than for his satisfaction, he was so pleasant, so affable, and withal so bewitchingly courteous, that when she withdrew, she boldly affirmed that her liege lord was altogether mistaken, and that no felon from Newgate could act with the self-possession and gentility of their guest. This opinion was confirmed in the evening by the blandness and ease of his manners while with his self-constituted spies in the smoking-room: so that before night the landlord had sunk several degrees in the estimation of his company. "He was not," they said, "a man of so much discrimination as they had always supposed." Perhaps the sequel may test the truthfulness of this sage conclusion of the loungers at the Ship and Castle in the ancient hamlet of Porchester.

CHAPTER II.

While the gossips of Porchester were busy in their speculations about the probable character of the mysterious individual introduced in the previous chapter, very different emotions were disturbing the breasts of a family residing in the city of Liverpool. It consisted of a matronly woman some fifty years of age, whom we will designate as Mrs. Booth, and of two young ladies, her daughters, just merging into the full glory of young womanhood. They resided in a small cottage near the great cemetery on the outskirts of the city. The day had just closed, and as the dusky night began to throw its sombre pall over the beauties of the wide creation, the group of distressed females took their seats under the piazza before the door, which thickly covered with honeysuckle and woodbine afforded a grateful retreat from the oppressive heat that prevailed within the house.

"How strange it is that your father does not return," said Mrs. Booth, addressing her daughters; "he should have been here last Tuesday, and now it is Saturday!"

"Be not uneasy, dear mother," replied the elder daughter, "something unforeseen has detained him."

"Perhaps, mother," remarked the younger, "he will be here to-night. Hark! is not that the sound of his gig?"

The three ladies started to their feet; it was indeed the sound of an approaching gig. Their hearts beat high; it came towards their cottage; they ran to the gate; it passed on!

Disappointed they returned to the piazza. "Something must have happened to Mr. Booth, he never stayed so long after his time before," said the afflicted wife; "what shall we do if he never returns?"

"Mother, dear mother, do not give way to despondency. Let us put our trust in the providence of God. He will take care of father and bring him home in peace. Is it not a sin, my mother, to doubt His care or goodness," said Matilda, the elder daughter.

"I know," replied the mother, "God is our guardian; yet I also know He often permits His children to pass through fiery trials and bitter woes; and oh, what should I do if he should require me to drink the bitter cup which I fear is even now at my lips!"

"Mother! the cup that God gives, shall we not drink? Remember how cheerfully the Savior drained, for our sakes, the fearful draught our sins had mixed; dear mother, let us cast our care on God and be submissive, patiently waiting the end of every event, remembering with Cowper, that

'Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'

After spending the evening in these pious meditations, each striving to console the other, they at length retired to their chambers; though care and anxiety for the absent father and husband suffered them to enjoy but little of the refreshing influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Day after day passed and Mr. Booth did not return. The gloom of death hung over

the brows of every member of the family, though now they said but little. Each feared to speak, for their pent up bosoms were sure to seek relief in floods of tears if either dared to mention the name of father. Their anxiety was intolerable, unendurable: certainty, however terrible the news it might bring, was better than this; for when the mind apprehends how much it has to endure, it insensibly braces itself to the task; but when an undefined load presses upon it, it sinks powerless and imbecile under the weight of its own terrible forebodings.

At last their worst fears were realized. A newspaper brought the following fatal paragraph to their abode. "Found, in a pond, on Bagshot heath, on the 1st instant, the body of a gentleman, whose name, judging from papers found on his person, was Edward Booth. He is supposed to have been murdered: a pistol shot had passed through his heart and his pockets had evidently been rifled. An inquest was held over the body, which found a verdict of 'Murdered by some person or persons unknown.'"

The agony, the speechless agony that found no tongue nor tears, of that afflicted family, is beyond description. Their feeling was as

"If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life.
Yet all as cold as ever—'t was just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

Alas, how sad were the next years of life to those grieved children and that heart-broken wife. They were years of living death; their hearts fed upon themselves; the murdered image of the husband and father clung to their imagination like the fabled vampyre; time and change loosed its hold in a slight degree, but yet it clung there, eating with greedy appetite every joy that would fain have gladdened their lone hearts. Death, kinder than man, at last released the widow from her misery; the daughters lived, though chastened in thought and feeling until long after their hopes of finding the key to their father's fate had died, and even beyond the time of the events recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

We now return to the traveller whom we left in company with the gossips of the Ship and Castle. The reader must imagine the lapse of some ten years from that night during which the stranger has settled himself in business, accumulated a fortune, married a highly respectable lady, and even become a county magistrate; for all these changes had in truth taken place since his first visit to Porchester.

The assizes were in session. Our hero, Judge Watson was on the bench clothed in his ermine robe, and surrounded by all the forms and solemnity of a British court. A prisoner is at the bar charged with murder. The examination of witnesses reveal an array of facts which exhibit him in the worst light. He is proved to be the robber and murderer of a kind and indulgent master; ingratitude, covetousness and thirst for blood are the great elements of his character. The jury, the court, the spectators are horror-stricken at the revolting conduct proved against him, and every eye rests in mingled pity and disgust on the prisoner.

Suddenly the scene changes. Judge Watson, with a face pale as snow, his whole frame shaking as with the palsy, is seen to stagger from the bench and to plant himself beside the prisoner, and to the unutterable astonishment of every person present, he is heard to declare himself a murderer!

He then made a confession in substance like the following. He was formerly servant to a Mr. Edward Booth of Liverpool, a goldsmith and jeweller. In company with his employer he went on a commercial journey, Mr. Booth having an immense amount of jewelry in his portmanteau. A desire to possess this wealth suddenly

seized his mind; he resisted it at first, but consented to harbor the idea; it gained ascendancy over him; to accomplish his purpose, he shot his master, threw the body into a pond, and with his chaise drove to the retired village of Porchester. There by dint of caution, he had continued to gradually use his ill-gotten wealth in trade, so that people fancied he obtained it in regular business; but that during his abode there his mental agony had been intolerable. The sight of a stranger, the mention of a crime by another, had filled him with fright and terror. He had endured a thousand deaths. The case before the court so much like his own, had wrought him up to the last point of misery. He could endure no more; he surrendered himself to the laws of his country. He was subsequently tried and punished with the highest penalty of an insulted law.

Such was the effect of a troubled conscience. When he first reached the place, it nearly betrayed him in presence of the landlord; in all his future prosperity it constantly followed him with its torments, and at last it led him to confess what his guilty heart could no longer contain. How forcibly does this tale, which is essentially true in all its parts, illustrate that Divine saying, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE ELOPEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1824, while passing from my native county to the house of a relative in the county of Nansemond, I stopped at one of those old and venerable brick churches, (it being the Sabbath day,) which we sometimes meet with in Eastern Virginia. Built during the reign of George III., some of them still retain pretty much the appearance they had eighty years ago;—with high-back pews of substantial oak, and a lofty pulpit of the same material, the baptismal font on one side, and the communion-table in front. Just out of doors was the graveyard—generally at the North end; at the South end you entered an open portico, above which was the vestry-room; and, above that, a high steeple, on the top of which were two large iron keys, crossing each other at right angles. In the midst of fine old oaks, these dilapidated churches now stand. It was at these places of worship our forefathers would congregate, with pious intent of hearing Bible truths expounded, by parsons, who, for the consideration of so much tobacco, would leave kindred dear, and cross the "black waters."

The day on which I stopped at the above-mentioned church, was intensely warm, and the spreading oaks cast a most inviting shade to the weary and fatigued. Some of the cattle from the adjacent fields had sought refuge from the piercing rays of the sun, the locusts were singing their long shrill notes, while the dove cooed in mournful accordance.

Alighting, as most of the congregation had gone in, I walked to the graveyard; a part of the wall which once enclosed it, was still standing, while the remainder was overshadowed with tall grass.

Whilst engaged in reading the different inscriptions, to the memory of the infant of six months, as well as the revolutionary soldier of eighty, I was arrested by the sound of a female voice very near, which I supposed to be the earnest invocation of some pious mother, who, bending over the grave of her infant babe, was calling upon God to make her heart as pure as that of the little sleeper's below.

But my impressions were instantly banished, when in the act of stepping back, by

perceiving two old women sitting very close to each other, engaged in deep and earnest conversation; partly concealed by the tall grass, and partly by a small erect tombstone. My attention was immediately arrested, by one saying to the other, in a very audible voice—

"Ah! I remember the night well enough; never did I hear the wind blow so hard, or the rain fall so fast, and he, poor young man, I thought would have gone beside himself. Yes, though you see him standing there now, looking so like a ghost just out of one of these graves, he was, that night, when he first got to my cottage, so gay and so handsome; and his voice did sound so sweet, when he said, 'Mrs. Jenkins, have my servants arrived yet with the carriage? I am afraid we shall have a storm to-night, it lightens so to the North.' 'No, sir,' said I, 'though I have been looking for them this last half hour.' Never did I see features change so quick; they looked so dark and terrible; his large black eyes, which before seemed to speak, as well as look love, almost flashed fire; and, stamping on the ground, he exclaimed, 'By heavens, not yet!' then turning suddenly around, walked out. Returning in a few minutes, he inquired if I had seen the signal from the river. 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I saw a white pocket handkerchief hanging from the window of the second story of the house, a little before sunset.'"

At the conclusion of this sentence, I indistinctly heard the other exclaim, "Ah! dear young lady, she little knew what a horrid death she would soon meet with."

Their voices sank so low, I could hear nothing more. It was however certain, that the object of their conversation was near. This narrative excited my curiosity, and determined me, if possible, to discover the personage to whom it related. I had not proceeded many paces, when I observed a gentleman rise from the ground and lean against a large cedar, whose boughs overhung a plain marble tomb, by the side of which he had been kneeling. Apprehensive that my presence might disturb his hallowed thoughts, I turned a little off, and busied myself in plucking the flowers, that grew in wild abundance—remaining near enough to see that he was a man past the middle age of life, of a thin visage, and rather above the medium height; his large black eyes still retained the fire of youth, while his hair denoted premature age; his dress was a plain suit of black. Whilst endeavoring to discover the botanical name and class of one of the flowers, he approached, and accosted me as follows:

"Sir, you seem to be a stranger in this habitation of the dead."

"Yes," replied I; "it is my first visit here. I am always fond of walking in a graveyard, and reading the various epitaphs; they afford more subjects of serious meditation than a treatise on mortality twice as large."

"Indeed they do," replied he; "that marble slab, just under that tree, has caused me more thought these five and twenty years, than all the incidents of my life together."

"Perhaps it is the resting-place of a sainted mother, or sister, or"—

"No! it is not," said he in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

By this time we had approached close to the grave. I read the following epitaph:

"To the memory of Lucy, only child of Oscar Normand, who departed this life, July 20th, 1801. Aged 17.

"The spring of life had just begun,
When a wintry cloud obscured the sun,
And all was darkness then."

"That little verse," said he, "speaks a tale of woe."

What I had gathered from the old woman, and his own melancholy appearance, made me curious to know the circumstances of the death of the young lady, over whose grave we were standing. Observing that it seemed a relief to him to converse

on the subject, I said, "If it is not painful or tedious to relate the cause of the young lady's death, I should be pleased to know it."

"It will be painful, yet relieving for me to do so," said he. "In narrating the melancholy tale, however, I shall have to go back to 1773, when Oscar Normand and my father Frederick Carlton, two years before the disturbances between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, sailed from Liverpool and landed in New-York the 3d of June. Each having connections in Virginia, they bent their way hither, a few weeks after their arrival. Being college friends, they determined to purchase lands in the same neighborhood; which, however, they did not do—my father being pleased with the interior of the State, and Normand with the flat lands near the Chesapeake. The year after my father located, he married a young and beautiful lady; but death soon severed their union, as she survived my birth but a few days. Despairing of again enjoying the same connubial felicity, he never afterwards married. Shortly after my birth, my father, actuated by the noble feelings of justice and patriotism, joined the continental army, which was arduously struggling against the oppressive yoke of Great Britain. Distinguishing himself at the battle of Guilford, by his valor, he received many encomiums from General Green, and was then attached to the staff of La Fayette, whose army was at that time cantoned in Virginia.

"About this period, Normand married a wealthy heiress, by whom he had a daughter, an only child, whose remains are now resting beneath this little mound.

"A man of violent passions, proud and haughty in the extreme, he retained all his national prejudices. When told of the laurels his friend Carlton had gained at Guilford Court-House, with a sarcastic smile, he was heard to murmur, 'Renegade!' A circumstance which happened soon after, forever blighted the friendship of these old companions. At a dinner given to La Fayette and his officers, at Louisa Court-House, Normand who had been up to settle a tobacco plantation in the neighborhood of the Green Springs, was invited, for the purpose of meeting his old friend Carlton. They met; and, for a while, all political opposition was forgotten, as they talked of their love scrapes and college days in Old England.

"The announcement of dinner, however, put a stop to their conversation. As politics was the leading topic of all assemblies at that time, that theme was soon introduced. And many were the toasts drank on that occasion, to the success of the American arms, and the good faith of France and America; among which my father gave the following: 'May we never sheath our swords, until Britain has acknowledged our Independence, and humbled her haughty arrogance before the American Eagle.' Loud and unanimous was the applause that followed, save from Normand, who sat in mute silence, scowling darkly upon his old friend; the wine he was in the act of drinking, was placed upon the table untasted, and, in a voice half-suffocated with anger, he said: 'I think, Frederick, your uncle, Sir Henry Carlton, would have cause to rejoice in so promising a nephew, could he now see and hear you. Indeed, I am disposed to think, could he have known as much, he would have made an abler defence on the part of America, a few days ago in Parliament, in reply to the Earl of Carlisle. I suppose, at the end of these hostilities, you intend to turn saint and parson, and declare a war of extermination against the devil and hisimps.'

"'Oscar,' said my father, 'such language is unprovoked, and particularly improper from you, knowing as you do, that I have ever treated you as a gentleman, friend, and brother. Should you ever utter such insolence again, that friendship, which now shields you from chastisement, will be a frail protection.'

"The lion roused from his lair, or the maniac taken from the object of his hatred, never evinced more rage than Normand. His features swollen with passion, he sprang from the table, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, levelled it at my father. Several

of the officers made an effort to wrest it from him, but Normand was too quick for them: it was fired; my father sank motionless on the floor. In an instant every sword was drawn; many rushed at Normand, but were stopped in their purpose by some one saying, 'He is dead!' Turning aside to see if the sad intelligence were true, Normand made use of the opportunity. He left the room in haste, and mounting his horse, was out of sight ere he was missed from the room. Medical aid was immediately procured. What little hope lingered in the minds of my father's comrades, was soon banished by the physician pronouncing the wound mortal: 'The ball,' said he, 'has passed near the heart, and more than probable, has cut the large artery that conveys the blood to it. That, however, will be determined in a few minutes. Should the blood continue to flow as profusely as it does now, he must sink; if we can succeed in stopping it, there is hope.'

"Every effort was made; bandage after bandage was taken away saturated in blood, that had flowed so long in friendship to one who had spilt it so rashly. Life seemed to be ebbing fast. His companions-in-arms had assembled around, to see a brave man die. The physician again examined the wound, his countenance brightened. 'There is some hope yet,' said he, 'the bleeding has somewhat abated.'

"In half an hour, that life, which seemed to glimmer so faintly, gradually revived. The physician directed him to remain in bed at least three weeks, without moving, and to use the lowest diet. At the expiration of five weeks, he was sufficiently restored to ride out. About that period, La Fayette received orders from General Washington, to meet him at York-Town.

"My father, though still debilitated by his wound, attended him, and there participated in the triumph of our arms. At the conclusion of peace, my father retired to his estate to superintend my education; which he continued to do for ten years. He then determined to send me to England, to go through a collegiate course of studies. With a heavy heart, I sailed on the 10th of May, 1791, and landed in Liverpool in the month of July. I prosecuted my studies at Cambridge four years, at which time I received a letter from my father, requesting me to make a tour of Europe. I set off immediately, intending to get through as soon as possible, for I had become anxious to see the best of fathers. I had not, however, proceeded farther than Rome, when I received letters from my father, desiring me to return home, as his health had become extremely bad. I embarked in a few hours, in a packet bound to Charleston; which city I reached after a long and tempestuous voyage. I hastened home, and, to my infinite joy, found my father nearly restored.

"I now come to a period of my life, which promised the fullest realization of happiness; I mean that period of one's life, when the gentle rays of love first break upon the heart, awakening all the softer passions of the soul, and calling into action feelings hitherto dormant—inducing one to believe, that true happiness is no phantom. But, alas! the sunshine of life was soon darkened. Just as I thought perfect bliss within my reach, the shadow vanished, and all that remained was darkness and night.

"A few months after my arrival at home, I visited the western part of the State for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of its medicinal waters.

"The sun was slowly sinking behind some of the lofty peaks of the Alleghany, as I was descending a long and rugged declivity, at the base of which gently flowed one of those deep, narrow rivulets, that enter into the Shenandoah. The sun had been shining intensely all day, and my horse appeared much fatigued from the day's ride. While I sat carelessly on him, giving him the reins, in an instant I was nearly thrown by his springing suddenly forward. With difficulty I recovered myself sufficiently to stop him. On looking around I discovered a coach, drawn by four horses, descending the hill at full speed. The postilion had been thrown from his seat. I indistinctly

heard the scream of a female, as it passed me ; death appeared inevitable. Ere I had time to reflect, the horses, with one bound, sprang into the centre of the stream, drawing the coach in after them. They were drowned ; and so would have been the travellers—a gentleman and his daughter—had I not, at great risk, rescued them. With much difficulty, the young lady was restored to consciousness. Just at this moment, the carriage that conveyed their baggage arrived, and took them to an inn a short distance off, to which place I accompanied them, little dreaming the fatal consequences that would ensue from impressions made on me that night.

“By the time my new acquaintances had changed their apparel, supper was announced. They appeared quite happy at their escape, and were profuse in their acknowledgments to me, whom they regarded as their deliverer.

“‘Indeed, sir,’ said the young lady, addressing herself to me, ‘but for your timely assistance, at the hazard of your life, we should now be as insensible as the poor horses that rushed, so alarmed, with us into the water. And all I regret is, that papa and myself can never compensate you for such great kindness.’

“‘You can hardly call it kindness, madam,’ replied I, ‘for common humanity would prompt the coldest heart to rescue a fellow-being, when placed in such a perilous situation ; and more particularly when beauty calls for aid.’ The concluding portion of the sentence I designed that she only should hear.

“A crimson blush instantly mantled her cheek, as she resumed her tea. ‘I think, sir,’ said her father, ‘more than common humanity is required, to induce one to risk, at such great hazard, one’s own life. It requires, also, for the sake of others, the noble presence of mind, so rarely found, and on which a man can only rely, when placed in such sudden emergencies.’

“‘I had not time,’ said I, ‘to reflect on my own danger.’

“The alarm and fatigue soon induced my acquaintances to retire ; other reasons caused me to do the same. As soon as I reached my apartment, the incidents of the day rushed upon my mind in rapid succession. The frantic speed of the horses, the loud splash of the water as the coach plunged in after them, the awful silence that ensued—and, (what left the most vivid impression upon my mind,) the rescue of two fellow mortals from sudden death, one a young and beautiful girl, just embarking upon the summer-sea of life. I knew not from what my diffidence proceeded, but every effort I made at conversation, after she was sufficiently restored, failed ; my mind became abstracted. I had an imperfect recollection of similar features, and I almost fancied I had heard that same voice before ; but no, that could not be, I had never seen one half so beautiful, nor heard a voice half so sweet. And already, strange as it may appear, I was thoroughly impressed with the idea that my happiness depended upon her.

“Next morning I was awakened by a servant, saying that the gentleman below had sent him, to request of me my name and residence, as it would be a source of considerable gratification to be in possession of the name of one whom he should ever esteem as having preserved the life of himself and daughter. I sent it to him ; and immediately commenced dressing, hoping to be in time to bid adieu to her, who had made such an indelible impression upon feelings long indifferent to beauty’s charms. Just as I reached the portico, the coach, which they had procured, rolled away. I had but one glimpse of those lovely features ; it was a delicious moment ; she waved a smiling farewell. With straining eyes I followed the coach, as it wound along to the summit of a small mountain in front of the inn. It then darted suddenly off. The spell was broken.

“I immediately sought the innkeeper, to ascertain who were his guests of the preceding night, but he was a man more anxious to know the length of his guests’ purses

than their names. I then interrogated the servant who, that morning, had brought me the message. He said the gentleman's servant had told him, that he was a Mr. Noland, and that they expected to stop several days in Lexington. As you may well imagine, I was not long in making up my mind, to set off immediately for that place, which I reached after a journey of two days. On my arrival, I learned that a ball was to be given at one of the principal hotels, in celebration of the fourth of July. This was pleasing intelligence; for, I thought it more than probable I should there see this beautiful young lady. With feverish anticipation I waited for the appointed day. The hour arrived to make preparation for the occasion; a tremulous sensation ran over me; a nervous indecision seized me, of which in spite of all my efforts, I could not divest myself.

"At an early hour I set off, and found quite a large assemblage; but in vain did my eyes roam through the apartments in search of that angelic form. Presently a noise was heard at the farther end of the room; on turning round, I beheld those never-to-be-forgotten features. As she passed down, our eyes met. I thought I saw her color change as I bowed. I immediately sought for some one who could give me a formal introduction; and fortunately found an old acquaintance, who informed me she was a Miss Normand, daughter of Oscar Normand, of Eastern Virginia.

"It would be in vain to attempt a description of my feelings. The implacable enmity Normand had ever borne my father, since that unfortunate dinner in Louisa; and my instrumentality in saving the life of himself and daughter; and more than all, his certain opposition to my becoming her suitor, were thoughts of a second. There was a sudden transition from delicious hope to utter despair.

"I think, Mr. Carlton," said she, after my friend had introduced me, "our first meeting would have been a sufficient introduction without any other. For my part, I feel almost as well acquainted, as if I had known you from childhood."

"I was apprehensive," replied I, "that you might think I was presuming too much on services that any one would have rendered, placed in similar circumstances; yet I shall ever look back, as the most fortunate event of my life, to the incident which enabled me to rescue Miss Normand from peril."

"I think, sir," said she, replying only to the first part of my sentence, "your modesty prevents you from placing the proper estimate upon your generous efforts; indeed, when we think of the whole affair, there is a good deal of romance in it. You know we frequently read in novels of ladies being saved from watery graves by young gentlemen,"—"And then becoming desperately enamored," said I, finishing the sentence.

"At the conclusion of this remark, a young gentleman requested her hand in the dance. In silent admiration did I stand and gaze upon her, as she gracefully moved off. Once or twice her eyes glanced at the seat that I occupied, but were instantly withdrawn, while a slight blush ensued.

"I walked out to indulge my feelings in the open air; but, returning soon, I found her in one of the apartments adjacent to the ball-room. She informed me she had ordered her carriage, as a slight indisposition had determined her to return home. The servant returned in a few minutes, saying he could not find the driver. I offered to escort her home, if it was not too far to walk.

"The animating sound of the music gradually died away as we walked on. The moon shone with unclouded brilliancy, while I, with rapturous feelings, declared my unchangeable love, and called upon God to witness my unalterable vows. Ere we reached her boarding-house, she had consented to be mine. The blissful feelings of that moment were, however, soon displaced by those of a more corroding nature. Her father met us at the door; a haughty frown darkened his brow, as he said, 'This is Mr. Carlton, I believe.' I bowed, and immediately withdrew.

"I had scarcely reached the street, half suffocated with rage and mortification, when I paused to consider whether I should not return and demand an explanation of his conduct. The dastardly manner in which he had nearly murdered my father—the service I had so recently rendered him—were thoughts that rushed upon my mind. I became almost frantic; but he is the father of Lucy, said I to myself! Can I do any thing that would grieve her? Moreover, I remembered that Normand had done nothing that would justify an explanation; for, though repulsive hauteur be more goading than a direct insult, yet, according to the worldly code, silent resentment is the only atonement to the wounded feelings. I returned to my hotel to ponder over the incidents of the night. Early the next morning I received a letter from Normand, the purport of which was as follows:

"SIR: I extorted from my daughter, last evening, a reluctant acknowledgment of your declaration of love, and of the pleasure it gave her. By virtue of a father's right, I dissolve the engagement, and require of you never again to renew the acquaintance with Lucy Normand. Such ungenerous use, sir, of the claims you have upon my gratitude, will ever be held in abhorrence by me, should you persist in an affair so repugnant to my wishes. My objections, sir, to your becoming allied to my family, I deem it useless to state. I remain, yours, &c. OSCAR NORMAND.

"I was not much surprised when I read the letter, aware of his hatred to my father. I determined, however, to see Miss Normand as soon as possible, and know if it was her wish that our engagement should be dissolved. An opportunity of so doing occurred a few evenings after: while walking the avenue that led from Washington College, I met her. Our meeting at first was rather embarrassing from so unexpected an interview. I desired her to take a seat with me, on one of the many benches that were scattered on the lawn. She directed her servant to remain where she was, while she did so. 'Miss Normand,' said I, gently taking her hand, 'in a letter I received from your father, a short time ago, he informed me my attentions to you met with his highest displeasure; and that he deemed the bestowal of them an ungenerous use of the claims I had upon his gratitude. I have sought you ever since, to learn from your own lips if our plighted love and sacred vows should forever pass into oblivion?'

"'Would you have me disobey him?' said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes. "'Would you rather obey the stern commands of a proud father, than follow the inclination of your own heart? Alas, I am fearful your love is not strong enough for the emergency.'

"'You wrong me, Mr. Carlton,' said she, bursting into tears.

"I was mortified that I had doubted her attachment, and softly breathed in her ear,

'Oh weep not thus, my gentle girl,
No smile of thine has lost its spell;
By Heaven! I love thy lightest curl,
Oh! more than fondly well.'

"'Miss Normand,' continued I, 'there is but one alternative, and that is an elopement. If fifteen years have not obliterated your father's prejudices, (for I see no other cause of objection than the rupture he once had with my father,) it will be in vain for us to wait for farther time to efface them. Never can I subject myself to his repulsive scorn, which I know would follow, were I to ask his consent. Under circumstances like these, when it is folly to expect paternal consent, and where the parent has no reasonable cause for objection, and where the happiness of the child depends upon his acquiescence, I can see no reason why you should not follow the teachings of your own heart. We had better decide now; perhaps it will be our last interview.'

"She finally consented, after considerable importunity, to an elopement; but severe was the conflict between love and filial duty.

"I now come to a part of my history which fills me with grief and remorse, even at this distant period. She left Lexington a few days after our interview, on her return home, and I soon after set out for my father's.

"About a fortnight after my arrival, I wrote to her, and proposed that on the night of the 3d of September, she should meet me at the bottom of her father's garden, where I would be with a boat to take her over the river to Mrs. Jenkins's cottage, and there a coach would be in readiness. A few days, however, before I wrote, I had visited Normand's neighborhood, and there discovered this Mrs. Jenkins, whom I recognized at once as a former tenant of my father's. I immediately put her in possession of my secret, and the cause of my being in the neighborhood. She informed me she was apprehensive an interview would be impossible, for she had understood, since Normand's return, that his conduct to his daughter was much altered; that he would not permit her to ride out without an escort, nor walk farther than the bottom of the garden. This induced me to designate that spot for our meeting.

"From that time to the 3d of September, days lengthened into weeks. A gloominess took possession of my mind. I was continually filled with dark presentiments, which I found it impossible to dispel. I however started in unusually good spirits, on the appointed day. After getting within fifteen miles of the cottage, I directed the servants to take the river road, until they came to a small ordinary, and there inquire for Mrs. Jenkins, while I would take a nearer one, through the forest, but not so good. I reached the cottage a little after sunset. The time for the arrival of my servants came. I waited an hour longer, but nothing could be seen or heard of them. I became almost frantic with impatience, for it was impossible to cross the river without them. Ten o'clock, the appointed hour came, just as the coach made its appearance; the delay having been occasioned by their taking a wrong road.

"In a few minutes we were pulling with all our strength, against an adverse wind and current. A dense bank of clouds, which had ominously threatened, for some time, from the Northwest, muttering a continued roar of thunder, gave alarming symptoms of an approaching storm. This, with the certainty of my being half an hour later than the appointed time, made my impatience almost insupportable. As soon as we reached the shore, the solitary form of Miss Normand made its appearance from behind a large weeping-willow, that overhung the stream. I urged her to delay not a second, for the storm was then setting in with terrific violence. We instantly shoved off; and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"On looking around, I discovered that we had not proceeded twenty paces in as many minutes. Never did I witness such an awful scene. The thunder roared with unparalleled fury, and the forked lightning seemed to play upon the waves, which emulated each other in height.

"I soon found, that it would be madness to persist any longer with such inexperienced hands, and therefore ordered them to return to the shore with all speed. In doing so, the boat troughed;—a second more, and all was over. As we went down, I seized Miss Normand by the arm. We were, however, soon thrown up by the waves, and were about to sink again—perhaps to rise no more—when I indistinctly heard the sound of voices on the shore, and shouted at the top of my voice for aid. A boat was instantly sent out for us by Normand's servants. They informed me, that their master having missed his daughter about an hour before, had been in search of her ever since. As soon as we were taken into the boat, I discovered, by a vivid flash of lightning, that my worst apprehensions were too true. That life which I had once preserved, was then soaring far above the storm."

My narrator could say nothing more; his voice became stifled with sighs. I pressed his hand in silence, and mingled with the crowd that was then leaving the church.